NEREUS's PROPHECY.

[Price One Shilling and Sixpence.]

NEREUS's PROPHECY:

A SEA-PIECE,

Sketched off USHANT on the memorable Morning of the 28th of JULY, 1778.

We call a *Nettle* but a *Nettle*, and
The Faults of *Fools* but *Folly*.

SHAKESPEARE.

——————The Gods forbid
That our renowned Isle, whose Gratitude
Tow'rds her deserving Children, is enroll'd
In Jove's own Book, like an unnatural Dam
Should now eat up *her own!*

SHAKESPEARE's *Coriolanus*.

They reign'd a while, but 'twas not long
Before from world to world they swung,
As they had turn'd from side to side;
And as the Villains liv'd they dy'd.

LONDON,
Printed for J. BEW, in Pater-Noster-Row.
MDCCLXXIX.

DEDICATED,

WITH THE

MOST PROFOUND RESPECT,

TO THAT

Excellent and Valiant COMMANDER IN CHIEF,

The much-injured and illuſtrious

Admiral KEPPEL,

" Who will be *lov'd*, when he is *lack'd*."

DEDICATED

NEREUS's PROPHECY:

A SEA-PIECE,

Sketched off USHANT on the memorable Morning of the 28th of July, 1778 *.

WHEN *Gallia*'s Doves, by *British* Eagles preſs'd,
On trembling Pinions flutter'd into *Breſt*,
By *Keppel*'s gallant Squadron chac'd in View,
(For *Venus* in a Cloud † hid poor *Sir Hugh*,)
Waving his Trident, *Neptune* rear'd his Head:
Smooth as a Plain th' obedient Waves were ſpread;
Sol's orient Rays enrich'd the beauteous Scene,
While *Uſhant* ſerv'd D'Orvilliers ‡ as a Screen.

* See Admiral Keppel's Trial, on the Accuſation of his *Subaltern*, Sir Hugh Palliſer, one of the *patriotic* Lords of the Admiralty of Great-Britain.

† This motherly Deity, throughout Homer and Virgil, is continually interpoſing her obliging Clouds between Danger and her Favourites.

‡ The Count D'Orvilliers, Commander of the French Fleet, who *ſtole* away from the Engliſh, as *Somebody* did from Admiral Keppel.

Old

Old Ocean's King, from his majeſtic Car,
View'd on th' Horizon's Edge coy *Palliſer*;
And ſighing, from a Tear cou'd ſcarce refrain,
While *Nereus* chaunted this prophetic Strain:

" Awake, Britannia! check thy Son,
Who flies from Wreaths he might have won.
What pow'rful Dæmon thus hath ſeiz'd,
What coward Pannic ſtruck his Mind?
What Daſtard, but G------ne, e'er freez'd
At War's Alarm, or ſlunk behind?
Sad Omen!---From this fatal Hour
Adieu to Albion's Hopes, her Glory, and her Pow'r!
Partial hath Neptune ever been,
With Smile paternal ever ſeen
Thy Sov'reign Enſigns wave
O'er his Domains; and often quell'd
The Tempeſt, that too rudely ſwell'd,
Thy gallant Fleets to ſave.
But what avails his godlike Care,
Since Britons are not what they were?

At

At Glory now *some* seem to start
With Horror and Dismay:
Like timid Deer, without an Heart,
They tamely yield the Day.
The spirit-stirring Drum no more
Warms 'em to Honour, as before.
Long hath *Corruption* on the Land
Extended her infectious Hand,
The Patriot's Ardour to restrain:
'Twas thus she turn'd lost *M-lg--ve*'s Brain *.
Ev'n *here* she now affects a Sway,
And bribes my Sons to *disobey* *;
Tempting with Gold their gloating Eyes.
O, would another Howard rise!
P-ll-s-r sunk, cou'd gallant Blake
Have join'd our *Keppel*, then had Glory
Once more shone forth in British Story,
And made vain Gallia shake.

* Some little Time ago a Ph-pps was a *deep-mouth'd* Patriot; but now he runs in *another Pack*, not like a Hound that *hunts*, but like one that *follows* the Cry. To him, and to poor Sir H. we may justly say,

——————" *Munera* Navium
" Sævos illaqueant Duces."

The Name *Constantine* is certainly derived à *non* constando, like Lucus à *non* lucendo.

Now hear, Britannia! Fate's Decree
Promulgated with Tears by me:
Doom irreverſible, but juſt!---
For in whoſe Counſel now
Canſt thou put confidential Truſt?
Whoſe Arm can ward the Blow?
Carleton, Burgoyne, and *Keppel* live:
Yet to thy Cauſe what Aid will injur'd Merit give?
None---tho' diſſembling Shreds of K---s,
With ev'ry Tribute that Pride wrings
From paſſive Slaves, ſhou'd greet
Theſe noble Souls---No---not if Fears
Forc'd Proteſtations---not if *Tears* *,
Well-tim'd, bedew'd their Feet,
Wou'd they again the Victims prove
Of *Faction*'s long-diſſembled Love.
That Maſk thrown off, they view *Diſgrace*
Lurking behind the Courtier's Smile;
And, where they mark the faireſt Face,
Juſtly ſuſpect the fouleſt Guile.

* As in Chancellor York's Caſe and Lord Chatham's.

Can

Can Virtue, thus *betray'd*, again
Gird on the Sword *, or not complain?
Britannia! 'twas thy Part to check
Corruption, when her Embryo-Speck
In Senates, Courts, appear'd:
'Tis now too late---for now ſhe's grown
Mature; and, ſhelter'd by a T-r-ne,
This helliſh Fiend's rever'd.
Not *Faction*, with her hundred Heads
And Hands, ſuch ſure Deſtruction ſpreads,
As when, by *Pride* undone,
A plunder'd Country's doom'd to feel
Taxation, Tyranny, and Steel,
Launch'd, like Jove's Bolt, from *One*.
When public Good to *private*'s bent,
Conſcience ne'er heſitates *Aſſent*;
But, with her Leſbian Rule †, applies
To ev'ry Caſe her ready Aid.
When treach'rous Gold's the Villain's Prize,
Was ever Avarice afraid?

* See Admiral Pye's Speech to Admiral Keppel, on reſtoring the Admiral's Sword to him. V. Admiral Keppel's Trial.

† A Rule of *Lead*----very uſeful to our preſent wiſe Miniſtry, on Account of its *Pliability*.

Let

Let but the potent *Bribe* be seen,
What virtuous Head can Merit screen?
Just *Aristides* *, when the Times were rude
And innocent to ours, felt *State-Ingratitude*.
Envy and Rapine ever brood
With Pride despotic---Vassal-Blood
Tyrannic Robes will stain,
When Pow'r, by ev'ry Means most rash,
Wrings from the Peasant's Hand vile Trash,
To make mad Rulers † vain.
Thus Athens once in Robes appear'd
With *patriotic* Blood besmear'd.
Unbounded Pow'r, howe'er 'tis gain'd,
At ev'ry Risque must be upheld;
By *Prisons*, *Banishments*, maintain'd:
Poisons are mix'd, and *Stabs* impell'd.
While Virtue's safe, no sound Repose
A Despot's Soul, tho' by a Phalanx guarded, knows.

* A great Commander, distinguished by the Athenians by the Epithet *Just*, and yet most ungratefully banished by the State. In three Years, however, he was recalled with Tears, when Xerxes invaded Greece, and those Tyrants felt the Want of his Assistance.

† Delirant Reges, plectuntur Achivi.

To

To him each Zephyr blows a Storm;
Not Flatt'ry's Breath can keep him warm;
The richeſt wines can't cheer:
In *Valour*'s Eye he reads his Grave;
And ſtrait ſuborns ſome truſty Knave
To diſſipate his Fear.
Bomilcar, thus, and Hannibal, were taught
That Laurels for *themſelves* too dearly might be bought.
This *Keppel* knew; yet ſtepp'd he forth,
Conſcious of Honeſty and Worth:
He ſaw, he *fought*, he led
His Squadron on---though *diſobey'd*,
He never dream'd he was *betray'd*,
Or trembled for his Head.
Yet *Faction* * took from *Luton-Hoo* †
A Flight which future Times ſhall rue;
She ſlander'd, brib'd, *impeach'd*:

* The brave Admiral *Ruſſel* was vilified, accuſed, and perſecuted, almoſt in as baſe a Manner as Admiral *Keppel*, by the *Faction* of his Day.—See the Lives of the Engliſh Admirals, Folio Edition.

† The moſt deteſtable Corner of this Kingdom.

Perjury had too ſoon been ſeen:
Forging † was held more ſafe and keen:
That Height B--e's Dæmon ‡ reach'd.
What now remains? What Pow'r will ſave
Britannia's Hopes on Land or Wave?
Regardleſs of herſelf, inert ſhe ſtands;
With Lips devout proclaims a *ſolemn Faſt*,
Lifts up her wat'ry Eyes and bloody Hands,
And prays her impious *Maſſacres* may laſt.
At Home, Abroad, a Scene of filial Blood
She lays, like a fond Parent, for her Country's *Good*.
Subſervient *Mitres* help her on
To her Perdition, nobly won
By B-te's imperial Nod:
Thus guilty *Factions* ſhrewdly make
A Nation of *their* Crimes partake,
And trifle with their God.

† See the Chapter of *Log-Books* in Admiral Keppel's Trial.

‡ Of all the Shapes in which theſe *factious Dæmons* have appeared, none is Half ſo *infernal* as that of a perfidious, treacherous *Informer*, whoſe *Accuſation* is but one bold-faced, daring *Lye* throughout.

Biaſs'd

Biaſs'd, like Tools, by ſervile Coin,
In ſuch a Caſe will Neptune join?
Will he, like Heſſian Princes, hire
Out Fiends to ſate a T----t's Ire?
Will he his pow'rful Trident ſhake?
When Britain beats to Arms, will he
The ſedgy Deities awake?
Becalm or ruffle all the Sea,
In Favour of a baſe, a treach'rous Iſle,
That meanly truckles to one *Scotchman*'s Frown or Smile?
Periſh the Thought!---What Ills impend
O'er *Freemen*, who their Souls unbend,
And on their Necks a Yoke receive,
(Which future Times will ſcarce believe,)
Tame as inſulted Sheep
Led to the Slaughter!---Hear!---No more
Britons ſuperior, as before,
Shall Ocean's Boſom ſweep
Like Sov'reign Lords, and give the Law
To Nations whom they kept in Awe;

No

No foreign Flag ſhall tamely greet
Britannia's Enſigns when they fly;
No *Ammiral* in Conflict meet
Her Foes, unleſs he means to *die*:
Not as his Predeceſſors us'd,
In Battle; but, at Home, *accus'd*
Becauſe he had not baſely fled,
Incur the Peril of his Head*;
And, ſtabb'd by *the worſt Reptile of the State* †,
Lament his ill-tim'd Fortitude too late.

Let *P-ll-ſ-r*, let brave *G-rm--ne*,
Your Arms by Sea and Land ſuſtain:
Such daring Souls may bring
Your Britons to themſelves again,
And the firſt Sea-Fight, or Campaign,
Convince a fooliſh ***ng.

* See the brave Admiral Keppel's Trial.

† A malicious, lying *Informer* has in all Ages and in all Countries been viewed in the moſt odious Light, as the very Dregs of all miniſterial Slaves; and therefore Suetonius well ſays, Princeps, qui *Delatores* non *caſtigat*, irritat.——*Caveat* ergo.

Till

Till then---perhaps, till *papal* Rage,
Of late *unchain'd* *, ſhall fill with Blood
Our Capital, while biaſs'd Hiſt'ry's Page
Applauds the Carnage as a *public Good*;
(Curſt Policy, that palms a Bribe,
Her own Exiſtence to proſcribe!)
Till then, or till ſome greater Ill
Attends a People, who can ſpill
Rivers of kindred Blood for *Pow'r*,
And, waving all Pretence of *Right*,
Hope Heaven, in ſome lucky Hour,
Like Moloch's Idol, will delight
In Slaughter, and rejoice to find
That K---s for Gain can ſacrifice Mankind:
Till this expected Time arrives,
Mark how your *Siſter-Nation* thrives!
Ev'n under Perſecution's Sting
She flouriſhes, without a K---.

* In America, by the *Quebec Act*; in England, by the impolitic Repeal of the penal Acts againſt *Papiſts*—which repealing Act muſt moſt aſſuredly be again repealed, in Spite of *miniſterial* Policy, or *hierarchal* Sycophancy.

To *Virtue*, her firm Base, she points:
No Priest, with pious Farce, *anoints*
Her honest Breast, which boldly she can bare,
And bid an injur'd Subject strike, like Brutus, there.

Yon stately *Palms* *, that o'er the Mountain's Brow
Gaze on their kindred Barks, which mount the Wave,
From the despotic *Jove*'s dread Storms, till now,
Fate's over-ruling Will alone cou'd save.

Releas'd at length from that tremendous Hand
Which with indignant Rage the livid Flame
Full blazing launch'd, th'*united Sisters* stand:
Immortal be their Union, and their Name †!

Emblems august of an emerging State!
I see their awful Heads majestic rise
With gorgeous Plumage waving: how elate
They bear their rapid Honours to the Skies!

* The *Palma Maxima* is here alluded to—It grows to a vast Height, quite erect, and beautifully proportioned. Its fine Symmetry, and the Luxuriance of its Head, which resembles a grand waving Plumage, furnished Architects with the Idea of the superb Corinthian Pillar; and it is one of the Devices on the *American Standards*.

† N. B. *Nereus* is an *American*; or else, according to Dr. *Johnson*'s new Code of Laws, he must be guilty of High Treason for this Wish. —See *Taxation no Tyranny*.

Heart-

Heart-cheering Presage of th' approaching Hour,
When Heav'n itself shall pour its sov'reign Balm
Into a Nation's Wounds, and tyrant Pow'r
No more disturb her everlasting Calm!

From a remorseless Parent long estrang'd;
No more that Parent shall annoy her Peace:
See where her patriot Swords, to Plowshares chang'd,
Give Cultivation Token of Increase!

The gallant Swain, who late in virtuous Arms
Atchiev'd his Country's Freedom, shall admire
How Fortitude to Innocence adds Charms,
While Plenty's Hand rewards his gen'rous Fire.

Weak were the Statesmen who could throw away
A Pearl, the richest in their Monarch's Crown;
And cast on Souls too brave to be their Prey
An unforgiving and contemptuous Frown.

Nay, more---like *Atreus* *, impiously serve up
To greedy **** a Thyestean Feast;
Behold him drain the sanguinary Cup,
And eat his Children like a savage Beast!

* This Story of Atreus and Thyestes is too well known to need a Note.

For ſuch deep Crimes is there no Vengeance ſtor'd
In Heav'n, tho' Tyrants may its Pow'r deride;
In Heav'n, that hears when Mercy is implor'd,
And turns its Wrath omnipotent aſide?

Yes---"*Blood for Blood*"---See how her Rival drains
Britannia's natural and civil Veins!
In War and Commerce glutted with Succeſs,
With naval Armaments well mann'd,
She makes Deſcents upon her once lov'd Land,
Not with a *calm**, but thundering Addreſs.

No longer now by *Inſolence* beſtrid,
See where ſhe rides, the Sov'reign of the Main!
Leagu'd with the Pow'rs of *Paris*, and *Madrid*,
Can Britain ſuch a triple Force ſuſtain?

Alas! *America* alone will cruſh
Cruel Britannia's wretched, ſad Remains:
In Times to come her Progeny muſt bluſh
To think their Fathers forg'd *fraternal* Chains.

* Like the Addreſſes of that jeſuitical and hypocritic *Turncoat* J. W-ſl-y, who has been ſo well laſhed for them by the Rev. Mr. *Caleb Evans*, and others, and ſo well paid for them at *Pence a-piece*, and at the Hands of a grateful *Miniſter*—Cunning Fox!

Then,

Then, dup'd by Freedom's ſpecious *Name* alone,
Her long-loſt *Subſtance* Britons ſhall deplore;
And, unredreſs'd by an oppreſſive Throne,
Sue for Protection on th' Atlantic Shore.

Then Emigrants in Albion's Ports ſhall ſwarm,
Like Summer Birds; who, when rough Winter's nigh,
Preſcient by Nature of th' approaching Storm,
Lead their wiſe People to a milder Sky.

Let timid, *paſſive* Vaſſals mourn behind,
Who fear to give the Canvas to the Wind;
By arbitrary Taxes preſs'd,
By various Miſeries diſtreſs'd;
Dependent ſtill on thoſe,
Whom Britons have been falſely taught
To execrate; as if they thought
Freedom's beſt Friends their Foes.

To them all *India* ſhall expand
Her Stores; their enterprizing Hand
Will quickly ſeize the Clue

Which young Ambition longs to feel:
To their own Mines they'll add *Brazil*
And prodigal *Peru.*
The *Western Isles* must drop all Thoughts of Strife,
And bend to *States* from whom they draw their Life.

Then abject Britons may employ
Their Ammirals in *Feux de Joy*;
None need from *Portsmouth* stir:
There shall they trick out *Grand Reviews*,
And at the Head of tinsel Shews
See G----- and *P-ll-s-r.*

Amus'd with no such childish Play,
America shall force her Way
To Empire; full of Strength and Youth;
By Justice, Liberty, and Truth
Supported; conscious of Success;
Convinc'd that Heav'n at last will bless
Firm Virtue, which still perseveres:
Her cruel Parent, plung'd in Years,

Too

Too weak to wound, with high Disdain she'll view:
Holding the *Tyrant*, who submits to *sue*,
To mean as an *Ally* to treat,
Too miserable to *defeat*,
With Scorn she'll pass her by; content
To see her Wretchedness her Punishment:
From Indigence her Pride shall feel a Check,
While *friendly* Hands* first rob, and then desert her Wreck."

Thus sung old *Nereus*: But, in Times like these,
No Truths so *rough* our Politicians please.
In earlier Days they might have claim'd Respect,
Ere Admonition lost its best Effect;
When *Faction* stoop'd by *Fables* to be rul'd,
And Rome submitted if *Menenius* school'd †:
In Days when Virtue dar'd to shew her Head,
Uncensur'd living, and lamented dead:
In Days when K---s prejudg'd no brave Man's Cause
Whom (to *betray*) they honour'd with Applause;
Nor favour'd *Villains* arm'd with penal Laws;

* That insolent Junto, who, in Preference to the *loyal* and *honest* Part of the Nation, arrogantly call themselves *the K---'s Friends*.

† See Shakespeare's *Coriolanus*, Act I. Sc. II.

Who, twinn'd with Baſeneſs, whilſt they ſlunk behind
A penſion'd *Tool* *, wou'd ſacrifice Mankind.
In Times like thoſe (Sir *Hugh* muſt think it hard)
All public Virtue was *its own* Reward:
His Country's Good the gen'rous Warrior ſought,
His Name unſullied, and his Rank *unbought*:
Thro' Life ador'd, and with Renown repaid,
Some Column pointed where the Hero laid:
Some weeping Muſe inſcrib'd the grateful Stone,
And, with her Patriot's Name, immortaliz'd her own.
Keppel, perhaps, for ſuch vain Glory burns,
As Trophies, Columns, or emblazon'd Urns.
Flatt'ry *unfelt!* inefficacious Balm!
How much inferior to a well-daub'd Palm!
Now *Valour*, diſappointed of her Meed,
May purchaſe Laurels, but returns to *bleed*.
Let *S---wich* give the Signal with his Eye,
Sir *Hugh* will form, and *Forg'ry* aid the *Lye* †.
Sooner wou'd *Minden*'s pallid Hero *fight*,
Than *Keppel* bleſs a Frenchman's Eyes with *Flight*.

* For an Explanation of this enquire of *Jemmy Twitcher*.

† Who ſtruck out *Facts* favourable, and foiſted Lyes unfavourable to Admiral Keppel, into *Log-Books*?

Sir

Sir *Hugh* ſhall ſooner ſtrengthen *Keppel*'s Hands,
By following Orders which he *underſtands* *;
Too philoſophic, when he once grows warm,
In raſh Obedience to renew the Storm.
Sooner ſhall *S---wich* bluſh at Snares he ſpreads,
And learn to value brave Commanders' Heads;
S---wich, who, while the Goblet's at his Lips,
Can face all Europe † with *ſix* uſeleſs Ships ‡;
S---wich, who moſt his Country's Weal adores,
Unleſs, by Chance, he ſpies a Brace of Whores;
Or, when our All's at ſtake, divinely drunk,
Snores in his Cabin like a *Med'nam Monk*.
In feſtive Mock'ry whilſt he wore the *Cowl*,
And ſhock'd Night's Ear with Bacchanalian Howl;
In tipſy Chorus blaſphemouſly join'd,
Giving Diſcretion to the giddy wind;

* Orders delivered no leſs than *five* Times.—" Sir, I *underſtand* you *perfectly*," ſays Sir *Hugh*. V. Admiral Keppel's Trial.

† Who declared in an auguſt Aſſembly that he had a Fleet able to face all the combined Powers of Europe?—Enquire of *Jemmy Twitcher*.

‡ When Admiral Keppel came to take the Command at Portſmouth, he found no more than *ſix* Ships, and thoſe miſerably provided, with which he was to face a French Fleet of *thirty-two* Sail.—See Admiral K.'s Trial.

Regardless of convivial Ties, ev'n then
This first of Libertines, and last of Men,
On *Bacchus*, and his Rites, profanely trod;
On *Bacchus*, though he own'd no other God *.
Proud *then* himself of an *Informer*'s † Name,
Now to *Sir Hugh* he delegates that Fame;
To *factious Malice* ‡ prostitutes the State,
And backs a K--ve to speed a brave Man's Fate.
What *Pensioners* keep *Conscience* now in View?
Those supple Slaves from *Luton* take their Cue.

O!

* For the Use of the *Medenham Society of Monks*, a Parody on the *Veni Creator*, &c. was composed. Whether the Text itself, or the blasphemous Frontispiece, was most execrable, it is difficult to say. I believe Father *Macmahon*, in his *English Candour*, p. 115, has verytruly recited the *Grace* used in that *Franciscan Society*. It begins thus, "Omnipotens, sempiterne *Bacche*," &c.

† Who informed against his jolly *Compotator* and *Brother Monk*, Mr. *Wilkes*, as the Publisher of the *Essay on Woman*, and yet in his *Monkish Society* applauded it, as one of the first Productions of human Wit?—Yet he well knew in how base a Manner the Copy was procured by that Idolizer of Blasphemy and Bawdry, the Rev. Mr. *Kidgel*; knew that a very few Copies only were printed for Mr. Wilkes's *own Use, in his own private Press*; and knew, too, that Mr. Wilkes was not the Author of that vile Performance, but a late Son of a late learned Archbishop. From the Loins of some supple, hypocritic *Hierarchs* (now, alas! in full Life) the next Age may well expect a *Pandæmonium*. Methinks I hear *Jemmy Twitcher* enjoy the Thought, and cry out in Extasy,

"Audiam! et hæc Manes veniat mihi Fama sub imos!"

‡ In full Vindication of this Assertion, see the upright and spirited Sentence of the *Court-Martial*, who unanimously acquitted Admiral *Keppel*,

O! that each Signal from *B-te*'s Caſtle made,
Were but, like *Keppel*'s, firmly *diſobey'd!*
O! that this Scotch Uſurper's Reign was clos'd!
K--- G----- eſtabliſh'd, and *King B-te* depos'd!

Keppel, with ſuch uncommon Honour to his Bravery and Ability, as a naval Commander.——May not the Author here be allowed, in his Turn, to prophecy?

" Tempus erit *Turno* magno cum optaverit emptum
" Intactum *Pallanta*."

FINIS.

The following Pamphlets have been lately published by

J. BEW, *No.* 28, Pater-Noster-Row.

I. Price One Shilling, the 2d Edition of

THE WATCH, an Ode. Humbly inscribed to the Right Hon. the Earl of *M---f---d.*

To which is added,

THE GENIUS OF AMERICA TO GEN. CARLETON. An Ode.

———Timeo *Danaos* et *Dona* ferentes.

France sends a *Present*; *England* smiles and listens;
Remember, Sire, "All is not Gold that glistens."

"The subject of this lively Ode is the present of a Watch which the King is said to have received lately from the French Court. Though the poet has not perhaps made the most of the idea, his Ode has much merit, and contains some strokes of true wit. The motto from Virgil is apt, and we have little doubt that our poet's Watch will *go*, and turn out to be a *repeater*."—Vide Critical Review, February, 1778.

II. Price One Shilling and Sixpence,

ROYAL PERSEVERANCE; a Poem, &c.

———————"Ill stand,
"As if a Man were *Author of himself*,
"And knew *no other Kin*."———

SHAKESP. *Coriolanus*.—Picture of *Obstinate Perseverance*.

III. Price One Shilling and Sixpence,

TYRANNY the WORST TAXATION, a Poetical Epistle to the Right Honourable Lord N——, ostensible Prime M——r.

——"In *Poison* there is *Physic*." SHAKESPEAR.

IV. Price One Shilling and Sixpence,

An Epistle to W-----m E--l of M---f---d, the most unpopular Man in the Kingdom, except his ——— and L---d *B*——.

———————"A *hovering Temporizer*, that
Canst with thine Eyes at once see *Good* and *Evil*,
Inclining to *them both*."———

SHAKESP. Wint. Tale.

V. Price One Shilling and Sixpence,

Capt. PAROLLES at *M-nden*; a rough Sketch for the Royal Academy, &c.

Parolles.—"I am a Man whom Fortune hath *cruelly scratched*—I find *my Tongue* is too "*fool hardy*; but my *Heart* hath the *Fear of Mars* before it, and of all his Creatures, not "daring the Reports of *my Tongue*."

Helena.—"You must needs be born *under Mars* when he was *retrograde*, you go so much "*backwards* when you *fight*."

Shakesp.—All's Well, that *Ends Well*.

VI. Price Two Shillings,

THE FAVOURITE; a Character from the Life.

——"Is this the *gallant*, gay LOTHARIO?"——ROWE's Fair Penitent.